

DOUBLE No., 1s.

APRIL, 1950

TOC H JOURNAL

In addition to our usual features this number includes a supplement:

" . . . to multitudes of men . . . " ?

being the *Thirtieth Annual Report of Toc H*,
together with a *Balance Sheet* and *List*
of *Branches* in the British Isles and Overseas

PUBLISHED BY TOC H AT FORTY-SEVEN
FRANCIS STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

OBERAMMERGAU PILGRIMAGE

July 8-22. For members of Toc H and Toc H (Women's Section). Via the Old House at Poperinghe, by coach through France, Switzerland and Germany, to witness the Passion Play and meet the Oberammergau folk. Total cost £55 approximately.

POPERINGHE PILGRIMAGES

August 4-8 (Bank Holiday week-end). For married couples. Leave Victoria Friday 10 a.m., return to Victoria Tuesday 9 a.m. Total cost £11 10s. (£5 10s. of this in Belgian francs).

Other Pilgrimages will be arranged by Areas and the Women's Section.

THE FESTIVAL IN LONDON

November 18. For Toc H Members and their friends. At St. Paul's Cathedral, Wesley's Chapel and the Royal Albert Hall. Plan your travelling early.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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TOC H JOURNAL

Vol. XXVIII

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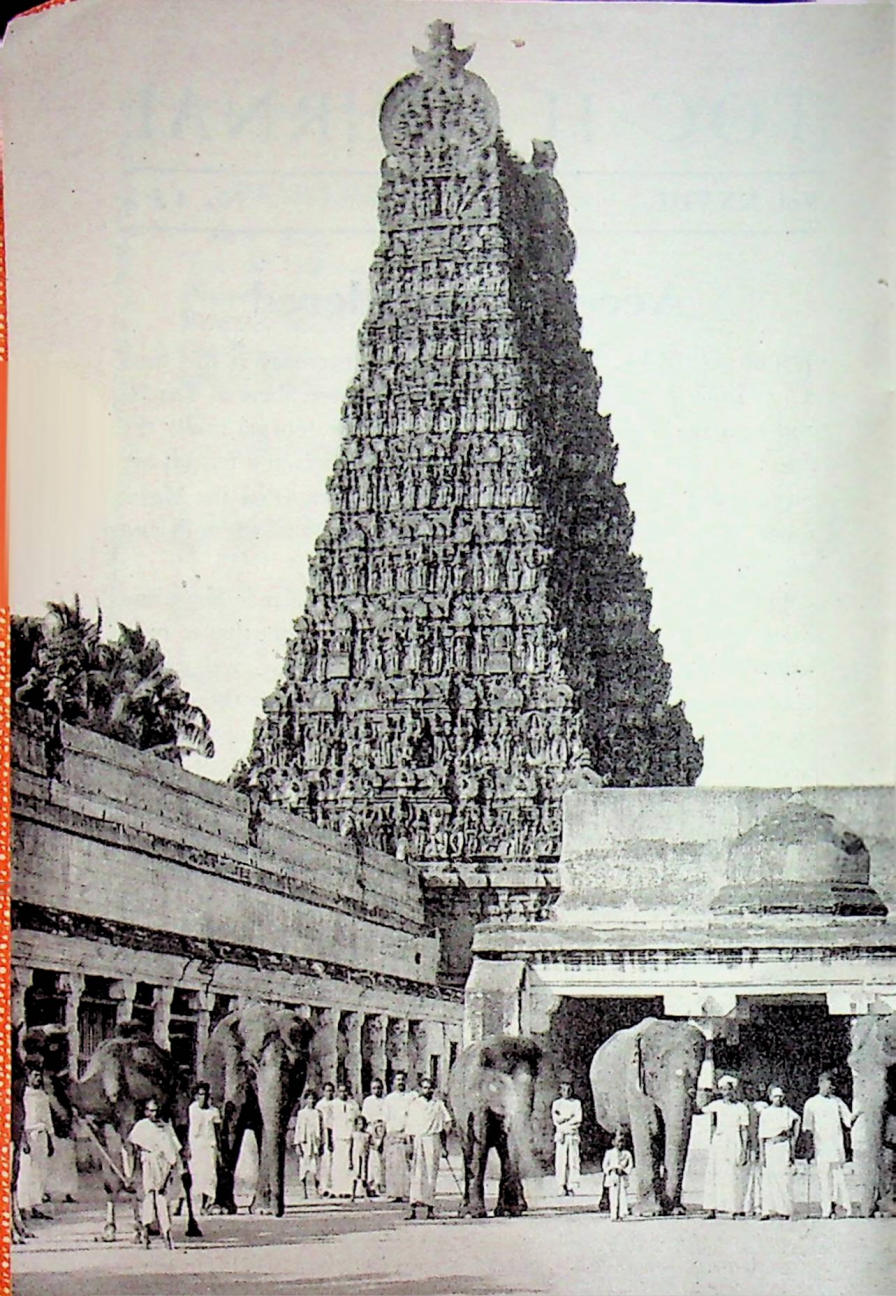
No. 4 & 5

Account Rendered

FOR THIRTY YEARS it has been customary at this time to publish an Annual Report and Balance Sheet of Toc H, and in a supplement to this number of the Journal under the title "... to multitudes of men ...?" members and friends are given a comprehensive survey, enabling them to see the Movement as a whole and to assess both its present strength and weaknesses.

In close support of the written word, the Balance Sheet and Statement of Accounts follow. We do not doubt that to most knowledgeable readers interpretation of these well-drilled columns of figures presents no difficulty, but for those of us to whom arithmetic was never a strong point the notes which accompany them will prove as welcome a guide as the Navigation Handbook to the sailor in unaccustomed seas.

This year's Report aptly says, "It would be misleading to estimate the effectiveness of the Movement in figures only", and further evidence is to be found in the list of Branches which brings up the rear. While its small-type limits are more likely to stimulate the demand for 'National Health' spectacles than to appeal to readers as bed-side reading, little imagination is needed to read into the close set lines a tale of a thousand endeavours; of hopes and setbacks; of tenacity of purpose and solid achievement. The combined total of the account thus rendered offers a true picture of a wide-spread Family and its sure place in the hearts and wills of men.



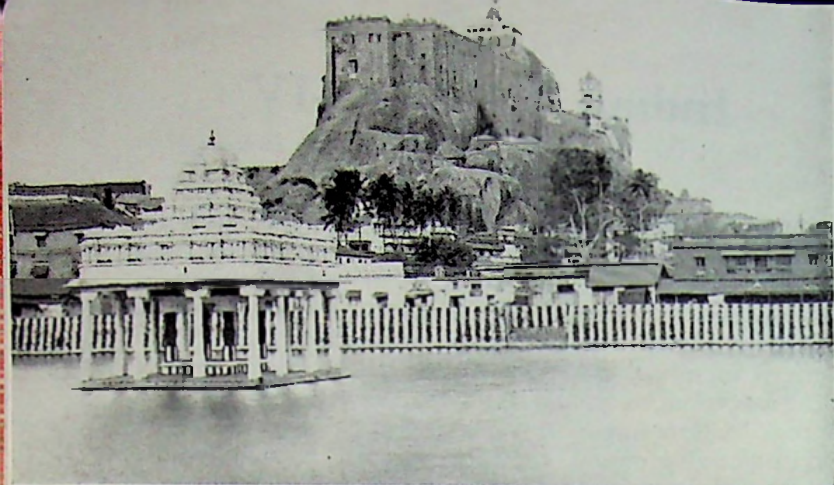
Indian Prospect—IV

Here is a further instalment of ALEC CHURCHER's impressions on his recent visit to Toc H in India, Pakistan and Ceylon.

EARLY in the new year I set off northwards again for Madras, visiting Toc H at Madura, Trichinopoly, and Tanjore on the way. At Madura, the second largest city in the province, I camped for the night in the Municipal Travellers' Bungalow which I had to myself except for some outsized municipal rats. The city is full of Hindu temples and I was taken to see the largest of these, the famous Shree Meenakshi Temple with its stone Hall of a Thousand Pillars and its gleaming central dome of solid gold. Architecturally, and from the outside, the temple has an ethereal beauty and fascination which is in strange contrast to the dark obscenities within. I was glad to put on my shoes again and walk out into the sunshine. In the temple court-yard I saw my first elephants—tired and shabby-looking beasts kept in close and squalid captivity for occasional use in temple processions. Madura, once the capital of the Pandya kings, is a very ancient city; and the Toc H Group there is beginning to deserve the same adjective, for the meeting I attended proved to be its 171st. It is an entirely Indian group, first started by R. D. Paul when he held a Government post there. I found a dozen or so members, all of them keen to experiment with village work on the lines of Palamcottah Branch. A new unit at a place called Pasumali was also being fostered. Like many Toc H units the world over they have their own special difficulties, but if these can be overcome I think a Lamp is likely soon to supersede the Rushlight there.

Northwards to Madras

My first view of Trichinopoly, my next halting-place, was when waking suddenly from an uneasy *siesta* in the train I found myself gazing open-mouthed at the great Rock of Trichinopoly rising a sheer three-hundred feet from the surrounding plain and surmounted by the red stone fort and glittering towers of the Rock Temple etched against the luminous sky. It is a sad commentary on our sense of values



Rock Temple, Trichinopoly.

that "Trichy" should be known to the world at large for its celebrated cigars rather than for this astounding loveliness. Here, in the ancient Dravidian city which nestles around the Rock and which is nowadays the headquarters of the South Indian Railway, Toc H struggles hard to keep alive. I stayed the night with an Anglo-Indian member. Indian railways are largely run by Anglo-Indians and there is a very large Anglo-Indian community in Trichinopoly which should provide a wider field for Toc H than exists in many places in the south.

The Newest Unit

At Tanjore I found the newest group of our South Indian family, an enthusiastic crowd of men, all Indians, who seemed to me to have caught the true and essential spirit of Toc H and to be struggling to find their own ways of expressing it. No less than twenty of its members and probationers were schoolteachers, for the town is full of schools and colleges. Much excellent work was being done in helping refugees, in hospital-visiting, and in the Cobblers' Colony. This last, like the Scavengers' Colony in Palamcottah, is the quarter where the cobblers of the town, once "untouchables" because of the nature of their work, live together with their families in conditions of which the English word "slum" cannot begin to

give a picture. In company with a member of Toc H Tanjore I walked around the "colony" one evening in a grey twilight shot with saffron. A new lamp-post, supplied by the municipality under pressure from Toc H, shone incongruously down on the thatched roofs and mud walls of the narrow muddy street and under its pale light we stopped to talk with a group of young men and boys from the colony who had run out from their huts to greet their visitors and to ask my companion a dozen questions as to what next Toc H proposed to try and do for them. Clearly he was regarded as their very good friend. Once again a new human relationship had been established through service and once again it was to a little group of Christians in the midst of a Hindu multitude that the cobblers had learned to turn for help and friendly advice. I stayed several nights in Tanjore as the guest of a splendid old missionary whose life had been spent in the service of God in that place, and learned much from him about the people among whom he lived and worked. I was also able to see something of the old town itself, its temples and fortresses, and its famous Maharajah's palace, now a depressing scene of decaying splendour, its vast ornate durbar halls crumbling to dust and dirt.

Lamp for Bangalore

When I finally reached Madras again my mind was rather like a piece of over-used blotting-paper, almost incapable of absorbing any fresh impressions, and I felt much in need of a breathing-space in which to sort things out. In addition, the physical strain of constant travelling in unaccustomed conditions was beginning to tell. I was therefore not altogether sorry when for various reasons a plan to visit four more South Indian units, before leaving again early the following month on the long journey to Pakistan, fell through. I was able to meet all but one of these units on a subsequent visit to the south. (The fourth, at Hubli, though in the same Toc H region as Madras is in fact at the southern tip of the Bombay Presidency and a good many hundred miles away.) I was able, however, to visit the old-established branch of Toc H at Bangalore and to take them their much-delayed

Lamp. I found Bangalore, which is three thousand feet above sea-level in Mysore State, a most pleasant place and was much impressed by the comparative cleanliness and orderliness of the native city, where there are fine modern buildings and attractively laid-out parks. All this seemed to point to an efficient and enlightened administration.

A Broken Resolve

Accommodation had been booked for me in what used to be called the Cantonment area, where the Civil and Military Station was formerly assigned by the Government to the British and where the Headquarters of the Madras District of the Indian Army is still situated, but I spent as much time as I could wandering in the city itself. On one occasion I got so completely lost in the city itself. On one occasion I got so completely lost that not being able to find anyone who could speak English I had finally no alternative but to hail a rickshaw in which to be carried back to my small hotel. I felt bad about this because I had resolved soon after my arrival in India that I would never do such a thing. It seemed (and still seems) to me that one's own dignity as a human being as well as that of the coolie is insulted by such a proceeding and that the relationship of master and beast-of-burden cannot be a right one between two fellow sons of God. I am told that this is a sentimental and unrealistic point of view; that the coolie would starve unless he could earn a few annas in this way; that his lot is no harder than that of many Indian labourers about whom I did not feel so strongly; and a dozen other excellent and unanswerable justifications. All I know is that as I sat in the rickshaw and watched dark blotches of sweat begin to seep through the coolie's coarse cotton singlet, and heard his breath come in grunts as he strained to keep his loping jogtrot going up a long incline, I felt acutely if illogically ashamed of myself.

The Bangalore Branch of Toc H is a small but lively one with a preponderance of Anglo-Indian members. I met both the Executive and the Branch as a whole and heard from them of their attempts to take Toc H to the large village of Chendapatty near by. I also spoke at a meeting of the Christian members of the Y.M.C.A., here—as in most places now in

India—a very small minority, and the possibility of forming a Toc H group within the Y.M.C.A. in the city area was discussed and may perhaps be tried. Talks with Indian Y.M.C.A. leaders here and in a number of other places made me more certain than ever that the 100 per cent. Christian character of Toc H in India must at all costs be preserved and the temptation either to accept money for our work from non-Christian sources or to admit non-Christians into any form of membership must be most firmly resisted.

By Air to Pakistan

Early in February I set off again from Madras on the first stage of my journey to Pakistan. I had arranged to spend a few days in Bombay *en route* in order to have some time with members of the India Lone Units Committee whose headquarters had recently been transferred from Calcutta. This time, at the suggestion of the All-India Committee, I travelled by air, and in the cool of an early morning the All-India plane roared up and away from Madras airport into a clear and luminous world paved with white cotton-wool. At lunch-time we dived down through a hole in the cloud-floor above Hyderabad, and the shining white domes and minarets of the city suddenly sprang up towards us like a lovely mirage, tilting and falling away again out of sight as we flattened out and turned towards the baked brown airfield that lay shimmering in a heat-haze to receive us. Within an hour we were purring on our way again and by tea-time Bombay sprawled below us and we were descending out of our remote world, where both space and time seem to take on new perspectives, towards Santa Cruz airport.

A.G.C.

* * *

On Journeys

“True adventure comes from within. It is this journey of the mind, exploring among the works of other minds, which is the most vivid reality of all realities . . .”

MARY BOSANQUET, *Journey into a Picture*.

The Elder Brethren

ALLEN.—On January 29, VICTOR ERNEST CECIL ALLEN ('WAG'), an Area General Member and a founder member of Gt. Yarmouth Branch. Elected 13.3.'28.

AYLWARD.—On February 13, ALBERT EDWARD AYLWARD ('SAMMY'), aged 41, a founder member of Slough Branch. Elected 13.3.'28.

BAKER.—On February 11, JAMES JOSEPH BAKER ('POP'), aged 64, a member of Southend-on-Sea Branch. Elected 13.10.'43.

BAKER.—On January 28, WILLIAM JOHN BAKER, aged 51, a member of Gravesend Branch. Elected 31.10.'46.

CAMERON.—On February 5, ALGERNON JOHN CAMERON, aged 60, a member of Taunton Branch. Elected 17.11.'47.

CULLING.—On January 24, LOUIS AUSTIN CULLING, aged 57, a founder member and Treasurer of Loddon Branch. Elected 23.3.'48.

DAWSON.—On January 22, EDWIN DAWSON, a member of Ulceby Branch. Elected 3.10.'33.

FOSTER.—On February 14, ROBERT FOSTER, aged 64, a member of Hoylake and West Kirby Branch. Elected 17.1.'49.

HANSON.—On January 2, WILLIAM HANSON, aged 66, a member of Eston Branch. Elected 17.2.'48.

HEWER.—On December 28, JACK HEWER, aged 34, a member of Gloucester Branch. Elected 31.10.'33.

JONES.—On December 20, MORAW IDWAL JONES, aged 65, a member of Denbigh Branch. Elected 21.3.'40.

LARCHER.—On January 31, HENRY LARCHER, aged 63, formerly a member of Paris and Carlisle Branches. Elected 11.8.'30.

RUSSELL.—On January 28, WARNEFORD CHARLES RUSSELL, a member of Trelawny (Plymouth) Branch. Elected 26.7.'29.

SEVERS.—On February 6, JOHN SEVERS, aged 59, the Job-master of Bloxwich Branch. Elected 27.3.'46.

SIMPSON.—On February 11, WILLIAM FLEMING SIMPSON, aged 51, a founder member of Northenden Branch. Elected 24.3.'47.

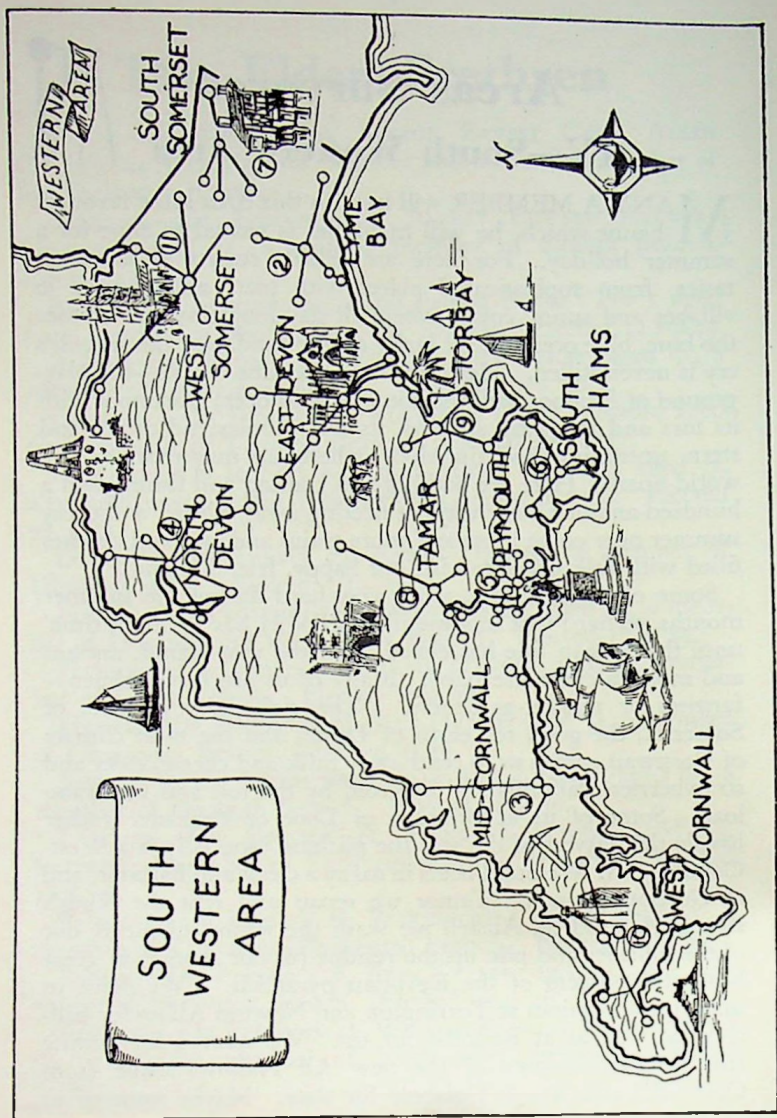
Areas Surveyed

IV—South Western Area



MANY A MEMBER will have in this Area some favourite haunt which, he will maintain, is second to none for a summer holiday. For here are seaside resorts to suit most tastes, from sophisticated places with piers and pierrots to villages and sunny coves, where all day long tiny waves from the blue, blue ocean break lazily on the sand, and the seagull's cry is never stilled. Here are three one-time forests—the playground of Exmoor, still the home of wild deer; Dartmoor with its tors and laughing streams, its wiry ponies and cattle; and stern, unsmiling Bodmin Moor, where one may retire as to a world apart. Here are bathing and boating and fishing and a hundred-and-one other ways of fleeting away leisure, and every summer now come more and more trains and cars and coaches filled with folk eager to visit our happy, friendly land.

Some of us, therefore, work very hard during the summer months, so hard that in some places 'Toc H has to 'mark time' until the human tide has ebbed. All the year round, ancient and modern crafts are plied. Many of us are husbandmen—farmers or market-gardeners. The rich dairy pastures of Somerset, the good red earth of Devon and the mild climate of Cornwall enable us to send away milk and cheese, cider and strawberries, daffodils and broccoli, by the ton and the train-load. Some of us at Brixham or Looe or Penzance gather hardly the harvest of the sea; the pilchard especially is a West-Country fish. We build boats in many a creek and harbour, and at Devonport on the Tamar we repair and refit the King's ships. Around St. Austell we wash the white china-clay out of the hillsides and pile up the residue (to our shame) in great heaps reminiscent of the Egyptian pyramids. We delve in underground mines at Torrington and Newton Abbot for ball-clay, as well as at Redruth for tin. We quarry for granite (the foundation-stone of the new All Hallows came from Cornwall) and also at Delabole for slate. Maybe some of us



still engage in the traditional Cornish trade of smuggling, but I wouldn't know about that.

History has not passed us by. The Romans for the most part seem to have left us alone, but we can show many traces of older communities than theirs. Later on, William the Conqueror met his match when he arrived with an army at Exeter and was forced to make terms. Exeter's Guildhall is more ancient than that of London or any other city, and in Barnstaple we claim to have England's oldest borough. Everyone remembers where Sir Francis Drake played out his famous game, but it is less well-known that he devised a water-supply system, parts of which still stand Plymouth in good stead. The devastation of that city by the enemy in 1941 added a melancholy page to modern history which, however, will also record how she is leading the way in rehousing and rebuilding.

KEY TO TOC H BRANCHES SHOWN ON MAP OPPOSITE.

1. EAST DEVON DISTRICT: Crediton, Exeter, Exmouth, Lapford, St. Thomas, Tiverton.
2. LYME BAY DISTRICT: Axminster, Bridport, Chard, Colyton, Honiton, Seaton.
3. MID-CORNWALL DISTRICT: Looc, Morval, Newquay, Port Isaac, Enoder, St. Austell, Trelawney.
4. NORTH DEVON DISTRICT: Arlington, Bideford, Chittlehampton, Chulmleigh, Combe Martin, South Molton, Torrington.
5. PLYMOUTH DISTRICT: Burraton, Crownhill, Down Thomas, Plymouth, Plympton, Plymstock, Saltash, Torpoint, Trelawny.
6. SOUTH HAMS DISTRICT: Dartmouth, Kingsbridge, Modbury, Salcombe.
7. SOUTH SOMERSET DISTRICT: Crewkerne, Martock, Milborne Port, South Petherton, Yeovil.
8. TAMAR DISTRICT: Callington, Calstock, Gunnislake, Launceston, Okehampton, Tavistock, Yelverton.
9. TORBAY DISTRICT: Bovey Tracey, Dawlish, Newton Abbot, Teignmouth, Torquay, Totnes.
10. WEST CORNWALL DISTRICT: Camborne, Falmouth, Helston, Penzance, Perranporth, Porthleven, St. Ives, Troon, Truro.
11. WEST SOMERSET DISTRICT: Bridgwater, Ilminster, Langport, Minehead, North Petherton, Porlock, Taunton, Wellington.

We're not particularly satisfied with Toc H down here. We increased our numbers last year by over one-tenth, but still cannot muster two thousand members. We have established a Branch on a new housing estate, but so far only one. We like to mention a unit whose average age is in the early twenties, but we'd rather not quote the statistics of some others! We have several sound Branches in very small rural communities, but we should like many more. Nevertheless, we know that the roots of our movement have thrust deep into the hearts and wills of West-country men and women. Despite all our follies and failures we can see the finger of God in the writing of our story, and so we are content to carry on.

M.B.E.

Britain says 'Thank-you'

ONE of the most striking acts of friendship the world has ever witnessed is the gifts of food parcels which friends and well-wishers in the Commonwealth overseas and the U.S.A. have been showering upon us since 1940. The extent of their generosity has been overwhelming. Sent either as parcels to individuals or as bulk gifts to be distributed through the Commonwealth Gift Centre in London, they now total £80,000,000. The parcels have reached a figure of 75,000,000 and the weight of the bulk gifts 13,000,000 lbs. These figures do not include the many gifts sent by organisations overseas to their counterparts in this country—there is no complete record available—nor can they do more than barely indicate the affection which has inspired them. People in every walk of life have sent their gifts or made contributions to help us through our difficult times simply because they believed in Britain and wished to share what they had with us, sometimes at sacrifice to themselves.

A National Fund

While it is impossible to assess all the benefit of these gifts to us, everyone in the country has benefited directly, or

indirectly. Many of us have received parcels and all have realised the joy these gifts have brought into the lives of those about us, particularly the ageing, the sick and children. Individuals and organisations receiving parcels have written to say 'thank you' but, faced with this unparalleled generosity, it seemed inadequate. So, after consultation with representatives from every section of the community, the Lord Mayor of London has launched a National Thanksgiving Fund, to provide the chance of an adequate and worthy "thanks from Britain".

Towards Understanding

The proceeds of this Fund will be used chiefly to help the sons and daughters of our friends in the Commonwealth overseas and in the U.S.A., who come here each year in their thousands to study. The more we can do to make their stay happy and profitable the better, so that they may take home with them the greatest possible understanding and affection for us. The largest number come to London, where it is proposed to erect a building, close to the main London University buildings, for both married and women students; to provide suitable accommodation for American men students, and also to assist in the upkeep of London House, a residential hall for men students from the Commonwealth. The Fund also plans to assist a residential hall for overseas students in Scotland and, if the response is sufficiently great, to help the Overseas League, the Victoria League, the Dominions Fellowship Trust and the English-Speaking Union in their nation-wide work for students and other overseas visitors.

This plan provides a striking and useful memorial, both to our friends' generosity and to our own gratitude. It will help to strengthen those invisible ties which bind us together in the British Commonwealth and our links with the U.S.A. The arrangements for making contributions are quite simple. Any bank or post office will accept donations—the post offices in multiples of sixpence—or they can be sent to the Lord Mayor of London, The Mansion House, London, E.C.4, marking the envelope "National Thanksgiving Fund".

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❧ The CENTRAL COUNCIL holds its annual meeting at Guildhall in the City of London on April 22 and 23. A report will be published in the June JOURNAL.

❧ During the next few months, CENTRAL COUNCILLORS will be elected to hold office for 1950-52, ninety-six of them by Branches and four by the Executives of Lakeland (Cumberland Division), West Yorkshire, Eastern London and Southern Areas to represent Area and Central Members.

❧ The Central Executive have appointed the following: R. D. PAUL, Hon. India Commissioner; J. FORBES ORMISTON, Deputy Hon. India Commissioner; F. M. CARDEW, Hon. Treasurer, Toc H in India; Professor S. MATHAI (Delhi) and S. G. DAVIS (Madras), Hon. Regional Commissioners in North and South India respectively; also C. A. J. SAY to be Hon. Commissioner of Toc H in Pakistan.

❧ The Hon. Australian Commissioner-elect for 1951, Brigadier FRED CHILTON, who was to have joined the Central Executive while in England this year, has been recalled to his Defence Department duties. He returned to Melbourne in time to attend the Silver Jubilee Festival in March.

❧ The first party of OBERAMMERGAU PILGRIMS is complete. They leave on July 8 for the Old House at Poperinghe, travel thence to witness the Passion Play on July 16 and return on July 22. The second party is now being made up; they go for the same period by another route, join the first party in Oberammergau, and spend the last two days of their pilgrimage at the Old House. Prompt booking at H.Q. is advisable.

❧ PILGRIMAGES TO THE OLD HOUSE will take place during the week-ends of June 30-July 3, September 1-4 and October 6-9 for members of Toc H (Women's Section), August 4-8 for married couples, and August 25-28 for Toc H members. Other Pilgrimages are being arranged by Areas.

✽ BARRIS is completing his tour of Southern Africa and sails from Cape Town on April 28.

✽ The Toc H FESTIVAL will be held in London on Saturday, November 18. Toc H (Women's Section) have been invited to arrange for 600 of their members to attend and in May all Toc H Branches will be asked to state the numbers of their members and friends who will be wishing to take part.

Volunteer Agricultural Camp

The Agricultural Camp at Sevenoaks has been booked September 2—9, for an all Toc H week.

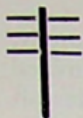
Situated in Knole Park in pleasant surroundings, it provides accommodation for about seventy Toc H members and friends, both men and women, who are willing to help with the harvest on the surrounding farms.

The campers are provided with a travel voucher which entitles them to a return ticket at half price. The camp boarding charges are £1 10s. 0d. The food is good and the campers live in huts. Electric light, hot and cold showers are laid on. The rate of pay is fixed by the Agricultural Committee at 1s. 6d. per hour and is paid direct by the farmers. The campers work an eight-hour day (8 a.m. to 5 p.m.—Monday to Friday) and transport to and from the farms is provided.

The camp becomes a unique Toc H Branch of members from all parts of the country enjoying and contributing to a grand fellowship by working as teams in doing a very worthwhile job and enjoying the evenings in genuine fun and entertainment.

Will those wishing to join, please write to A. L. Smith, 49 London Road, Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent. Accommodation will be booked in order of application. An acknowledgment of the booking will be sent, and travelling vouchers will be forwarded about a fortnight beforehand, together with final arrangements and camp hints. A stamped addressed envelope for reply would be appreciated.

ARCHIE SMITH.



Far Cry



HANDS BUSY

PEOPLE who are good with their hands can never resist the temptation to make things out of wood. Ron Cook, now with the R.A.F. in Penang and far away from Branch life, has a certain amount of time to spare and spends it making galleons and model aeroplanes. The idea seems to have caught on for he has collected a class of European children who have the same itch to make things. Reading between the lines he is better at teaching them his craft than at keeping order among his students. However, there has been no serious riot so far.

About five inches to the south-east, according to the wall map, the Branch at Deepdene in Australia have their handicraft activities on a much more organised basis. Theirs is not art for art's sake but the quantities of periscopes they make in their spare time are put to a very human use. Apparently poliomyelitis is widespread throughout Australia and it happened that a little while ago one of their members was walking through the wards of a large Repatriation Hospital. A young ex-service girl who had spent three-and-a-half years in bed called to him as he passed and said "Could you fix this gadget please?" The gadget was a periscope and with it she was able to see something of the daily life of the ward, the world immediately around her. The Branch pondered on the incident, discovered a need and set about meeting it. So far they have made fifty; twenty-five for this hospital and twenty-five for the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital. They have produced a specification now printed in *THE LINK*, the Australian Toc H Magazine. These little periscopes open a pathetically small window upon the world but even so it seems to be a window welcomed eagerly by the bed-ridden patients of Deepdene.



"GET SET—GO!"

The children of the Native Location in Bulawayo are as fond of sprinting as the determined Wolf Cubs in our local park, and a short time ago Toc H in Bulawayo arranged a sports day for them as part of an effort to entertain the Native community in general. It was their first attempt to do something in the Location and the response was terrific. "Entries" came in thick and fast and of course there had to be the usual heats for every event. The earnestness of the competitors, if not their times, was almost up to Olympic Games standard but without the same display of temperament. Books and toys of all kinds had been collected and the winners had the indescribable thrill of being able to choose between *The Etiquette of Entertaining* and a squirt—anyhow, they could select their own prizes. It was all very matey and apparently sufficiently successful for the Branch to contemplate fresh efforts in the future.

CATO MANOR, DURBAN

We in Britain know to our shame what slums can be like. On the outskirts of Durban, well off the beaten track, are the shack areas where some 17,000 African families live. The

houses are made of mud, split wattle, rusty corrugated iron, packing cases and sacking. The roads are mostly dirt tracks. Often there is no sanitation, no lighting, no social amenity. One room 12 feet by 10 feet will house a family and the community refuse is not cleared away. These areas are a product of the Africans' drift to the towns, a drift accelerated by the war and by industrial development. In the last few years the African population of Durban has almost doubled itself and there are no proper houses for them. That is why they live in their own illegal shacks on land rented from the only



*Toc H member with native helper
on roof of the first Welfare Hut.*

people who will rent it to them, the Indians. It is a perpetual problem to the City Council and a continual threat to the health of the city, for crime and drunkenness abound. But, as in our own slums, some families make a brave attempt to create homes out of their shacks; a few flowers in a cracked jug, a little white tablecloth, or a picture on the wall.

The people cannot be left alone for they are almost helpless to help themselves, so a group of people concerned with welfare work in the city decided to experiment with very rough and temporary shack community centres.

Toc H House, Durban, volunteered to do the actual work of erecting the first one. A team of men gave up their weekends for several months and built a hut of split wattle poles with an asbestos roof, packing case doors and cow dung floor. It measured 15 feet by 45 feet by 12 feet and Rotary provided the money. The work was hard going for most of the team were definitely unskilled labour, and driving six inch nails through hard wattle isn't as easy as it sounds. In spite of many mistakes, and with the voluntary help of a few Africans, the ground was cleared and the foundation poles dug in, the walls and the roof stuck on. They only hoped it would stand

up to the rains and wind and so far it has survived well.

It is now in use and eighty small children have a nursery school there five days a week and older children use it in the afternoons. On two days a week there are sewing classes and a first aid clinic is run on two other days. On Sundays African Ministers from the various churches hold services and Sunday Schools. These activities are sponsored by various individuals and welfare organisations and their value is proved daily.

Toc H is now starting to build the second hut, and this time it is raising the necessary £100 itself and will help with the maintenance. In commenting on the experiment Padre Bill Evans of Natal says—

There is one point I wish to make clear—that this sort of information should not be used as a means of criticising South Africa or praising Toc H. It is simply a job done; but in describing a job such as this it is very easy to provide ammunition for condemnation. Criticism is necessary but this information is too scanty to form the basis of any well-considered judgement. Nor would Toc H here care to

give the impression that it is a shining light. We, with many other people, are trying to play our part in South African life. We would never claim to have the solution to the great problems of this country, nor are we as individual South Africans free from those things which are helping to maintain these problems in growing intensity.

Let us not lay the blame on anyone else, for the blame is ours. They are part of the slums of Durban, and what great city has no slums? They are worse maybe than the slums of most cities, but Durban is very young, as South Africa is very young. She is facing in an accelerated form the problems that faced England in the early Industrial Revolution.

These community centres will barely touch the fringe of this terrible problem but it is far better to touch the fringe than condemn and do nothing.

G.M.



The Welfare Hut (side view) with native helpers.



The first impression of Nag's Head Cottage.

At the Nag's Head

If we are going to play our part in building a world fit for children to be born into, we must first do quite a bit of 'home-work' in the way of serious thinking. What are we in the world for? Is there any meaning in life? Does God exist and what kind of person is He? Why do men and women do such magnificent and such shameful things? Was Jesus Christ "a mistaken idealist" or is it really true that He was indeed God, and that we have been sent into the world to do His Will, not our own, and for no other purpose whatsoever?

I WONDERED whether this might frighten them away, but not a bit of it. It is the opening paragraph to the 'prospectus' of a series of Sunday conferences held at my cottage at monthly intervals during the past year. The numbers at each conference are limited to six (including the host) so that everybody can have his say—and they do! Those attending are in the main chosen by District Teams in our Area, hand-picked chaps with ideas of their own and some gift of leadership. They have included two Germans whose comments have been of special value. Every third conference is held in the London Areas and let no one say that the leadership of post-war vintage.

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By two conference rules. No one is allowed without it being challenged, and all must con- to the discussions. Between the sessions we 'Uno', for a walk, carefully planned to land g and Hounds at 12.30 sharp. And what better al place to discuss the things that matter? No fixed Agenda. No two conferences have been ut let me quote again from the 'prospectus'.

sit of the Nag's Head believes that Toc H is concerned ese things, and that it exists to help men and women work themselves the true purpose of life and, when they have in Christian fellowship and service, to inspire them to use eed gifts in the service of God and their fellow men.

ss is a fair definition of Toc H's purpose, to what extent succeeding, and failing?

we think of something more adventurous than our present of weekly meetings?

we need more staff or less, or none at all?

hat is the case for 'Toc H Builders?

there any need of District Teams?

re we quite sure that we know what the Christian faith really

What has it to say, *e.g.*, about politics, education and industry?

To these and many other questions we have tried to find the right answers. An experiment started twelve months ago has proved great fun and so full of promise that other General Members of Toc H, wondering how they may best serve movement, may care to try it out themselves. And what of dividend? That depends on the fifty-two members of T who have discussed "cabbages and kings" at the Nag's Head. It's up to them now.

B.T.



National Parks

"It is just because this is a densely populated and highly industrial country that the need for National Parks is so pressing. Four-fifths of the population dwell in urban areas, many of them in the smoke-laden atmosphere and amid the ceaseless traffic and bustle of our industrial towns and larger cities. They need the refreshment which is obtainable from the beauty and quietness of unspoilt country."

Report of the Hobhouse Committee, 1947.

STANDING in the corridor of a west-bound express with an Australian visitor, I asked him to tell me his impressions of the panorama of English country unfolding before us. Making an appreciative gesture towards the Wiltshire Downs, he said, "This is very beautiful, but it isn't country; it's all park!" Our conversation took place many years ago, and at the time I failed to grasp the full significance of the Aussie's remark, for my own conception of what constituted a park was then a very limited one—a few acres of lawns, with trees and flower beds and maybe an ornamental lake, protected with unscalable railings and having tall gates to be opened and closed at appointed times. Happily, since those days, a wider vision has developed of what might be done towards providing town dwellers with greater opportunities to enjoy the beauty and quietness of unspoilt country. The recent passing into law of the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, after sixty-five years of devoted labour by men and women of all political views, now makes it possible not only to preserve but to open up for the enjoyment of all, Britain's heritage of natural beauty.

In Other Lands

The U.S.A. was the pioneer in the movement to set up National Parks, beginning in 1872 with the Yellowstone Park "as a pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people". Today their parks include many areas of outstanding scenery and others of special archaeological interest.

different in character are the four remarkable parks in the Belgian Congo where "vast areas of Central Africa with their herds of wild elephant and other animals and all the strange primeval *flora* and *fauna* of tropical forest and mountain have been preserved in their natural state". Other countries which have anticipated Britain include Canada, the Argentine, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Holland, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland and Spain.

The National Parks which are to be set up in England and Wales will obviously differ from many of those in other lands, for here there is little or no virgin territory that can still be preserved in its natural state. But, now that a start is at last being made, a study of the facilities for popular recreation afforded by the American and Canadian parks may well suggest ideas for adaption to our own needs and resources.

There is generous provision of hotels, cabin camps, camping sites, scenic roads, car parks, view-points, roadside service stations and refreshment places. Fishing, hunting, canoeing or riding expeditions are arranged and camping gear may be hired at the Park centres . . . In some places inclusive charges cover accommodation and a full programme of sight-seeing and open-air sport, including the service of guides and the use of saddle horses.

Rights of Way

Among the provisions of the Act is one designed to end for all time the muddle of footpath rights. There is to be made a national survey of all the footpaths in the country, and these when recorded on the maps, will clearly mark our legal rights-of-way. Through another provision, local authorities may now create entirely new footpath routes. This development may well hasten the coming into being of a coastal footpath making it possible, for the first time, for us to walk right round our island.

A start has been made by the Minister of Town and Country Planning, by appointing the Minister of a National Parks Commission. Its ten members, five of whom have for years strongly advocated National Parks, will now pick the sites, but the county councils and county boroughs within whose

areas the parks fall will have the chief say. They can also immediately commence negotiations for the cross-country walking routes along the Pennines, the Pilgrims' Way from Winchester to Canterbury and the Thames Towpath. The Hobhouse Committee recommended the formation of National Parks in twelve areas to be dealt with in three instalments, each instalment taking three years:

| | | | | Square miles |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|-----|-----|--------------|
| First instalment : | The Lake District | ... | ... | 892 |
| | North Wales | ... | ... | 870 |
| | The Peak District | ... | ... | 572 |
| | Dartmoor | ... | ... | 392 |
| Second instalment : | The Yorkshire Dales | ... | ... | 635 |
| | The Pembrokeshire Coast | ... | ... | 229 |
| | Exmoor | ... | ... | 318 |
| | The South Downs | ... | ... | 275 |
| Third instalment : | The Roman Wall | ... | ... | 193 |
| | The North York Moors | ... | ... | 614 |
| | Brecon Beacons and Black Moun- | | | |
| | tains | ... | ... | 511 |
| | The Broads | ... | ... | 181 |
| Total area | | | | 5,682 |

It remains to be seen if the limited powers of the Commission will prove sufficient for them to carry out their far-reaching and ambitious tasks, but it is not too much to hope that the result of their labours may well be a revolution in the relationships of town and country.

CHES.

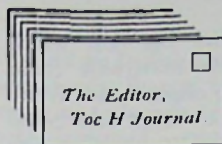
LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

A 'foreigner' finding himself in a small town where he knew Toc H thrived, enquired from one of the many who perambulate its main street at night: "Where do I find Toc H?" "You can get 'em up at the cinema in Church Street." "Get what?" "Choc. Ice!"

Listed from N.W. Area News-Letter.

Branch Briefs

- More than two hundred members and friends attended the annual dance organised by PETERBOROUGH and District in aid of the Family Purse, and many others had to be turned away.
- During celebrations of HARTLEY WINTNEY's twenty-first birthday, Tubby dedicated an oak lamp pedestal (a fine piece of craftsmanship), as a memorial to Howard Dunnnett and other Elder Brethren.
- At the inaugural meeting of a local branch of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, tribute was paid to HALIFAX for efforts towards getting the branch started.
- A feature of the guest-night which followed CASTLE CARY's Re-dedication Service was a play "Birds of a Feather" given by the members.
- Food parcels from Bulawayo recently handed to MOLD by the local Rotary Club, were distributed to members of the "Old Men's Club" whose meeting-place is the Toc H rooms.
- The newly-formed TUNBRIDGE WELLS Toc H choir was heard to advantage when the Branch recently celebrated its twenty-seventh birthday.
- For some years KING's NORTON have had a collecting 'box' on a busy thoroughfare inviting the public to drop in books and magazines for distribution to local hospitals. The response is so good that it has to be emptied nearly every day. The notice also gives details of when and where the Branch meet, and has helped recruitment considerably.
- A series of Saturday evening concerts are being arranged by PINNER for the patients in the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, Stanmore.
- The Lord Bishop of Peterborough gave the opening talk in the series "Citizenship", the Branch theme for 1950, at PETERBOROUGH. The Bishop (Rt. Rev. Spencer-Leeson) was a school companion of Gilbert Talbot.
- Assisted by members of Toc H (Women's Section), HEANOR (Derbyshire) entertained some thirty blind folk to a tea and concert which guests and hosts equally enjoyed.



The Open Hustings

The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.

Younger Men

DEAR EDITOR,

Your correspondent under the heading "Younger Men" in the February JOURNAL has allowed himself to be misled by his young acquaintance who so readily forms opinions as the result of one visit to a Guest-night.

Young political movements are referred to as having achieved success. What success, may I ask? These associations have extremely limited objectives and the possibility that they have managed by various means to gather together a number of young folk is no indication of achievement. We don't even know whether they have produced a few spanking fine young Tories or what have you.

Surely the "Objects of Toc H" as laid down in our Royal Charter and reinforced by the "Main Resolution" preclude us from sectionalising and dividing. Surely our job is to work for the time when we can bring all folk together in one family. What, indeed, would this experimental unit as suggested, have as an objective?

If some Branches have failed to gather unto themselves repre-

sentatives of the younger generations it may be because they have forgotten how to think youthfully or they may have failed to give time and opportunity to youth to create its own past by compelling them to listen to the achievements of a bygone age. We old buffers must be ever mindful of the need to hand over that which we so gladly accepted in our time.

Lastly, I think we ought to be quite clear constitutionally and refrain from asking the Central Executive to do things they are not empowered to do. Surely, the Central Executive exists to implement the will of the movement expressed through its Council and your correspondent should be advised to thrash out his suggestions with his local Councillors.

Mark XX.

BILL HARRIS.

DEAR EDITOR,

The article "Toc H in a School" brought back nostalgic memories to me for I was one of the first three boys at Truro School to be initiated there in 1943. It is true that there are many difficulties, and that soon after their initiation the young men are due to join the Forces

or to go to a University, and have little time to spare for Toc H activities. On the other hand, the principles of Toc H provide us with a way of living, and from my own experiences while in the Services I found they helped me to live a decent and full life.

Last year I was able to support the group at Bristol University, even though this only meant attending a meeting once a week and taking part in lively discussions. If I had not had this opportunity, I should not have done these things and maybe forgotten about the movement altogether!

I have now transferred from the General Branch to membership of the local Branch where I am now living, and although further studies prevent my active support I have not forgotten our principles. At a recent meeting we were confronted with the problem "Where are the young men?" One type lacking is the ex-Serviceman, most of whom have now been home long enough to want some activity to support. But they fight shy of Toc H because they feel that there is not enough doing, and do not seek to devote just one evening a week talking with a lot of older men, who have lived through the more active period. The obvious answer to these criticisms is "Toc H is what you make it; and if it is not active enough for you, we would appreciate your help to remedy this".

I feel that the job which Truro Branch undertook could be applied to other fields. Youth Clubs come to mind and could provide an excellent opportunity to carry out a job. In this manner Toc H would be introduced to the youngsters, but the prime object should be "to promote interest in our fellow men" and provide topical evenings.

At Truro the meetings were held for about two years before it was suggested that some boys might wish to become full members, and I do not think it would be wise to make this period shorter. I should like to impress that the spirit in which this job is undertaken would be to provide the club with interesting facts and not merely act as a recruiting campaign, although as a long-term policy some young initiates may result.

BRIAN RUSSELL.

Slough, Bucks.

Film Units

DEAR EDITOR,

Warnings are often double-edged. Caution sometimes defeats its most worthy purposes by suffocating enterprise and making men tremble at the dangerous prospect of an adventure.

So, with the letter in the February JOURNAL from my old friend Joe Frame of Belfast. There is much truth in it. These Mobile Cinema Units can become such a drag on a Branch or District that they destroy it. But

it would be foolish and unfortunate if any Branch or District, venturing to launch a job beyond their—supposed—strength, abandoned the intention because other organisations declined to join them in it. A good many major 'Toc H contributions to community service would never have happened if their originators had taken Joe Frames' advice. May I urge Branches—whether the job is Film unit or anything else—to do the thing themselves if they can find no supporters, and to offer their local communities an established service well founded. Joe would probably agree with this, anyway. I don't believe he would have found other support for his original film job and I don't believe—knowing him—that he would therefore have left the job undone.

N. Wales. SHAUN HERRON.

DEAR EDITOR,

In February's issue of the JOURNAL I read with interest a letter of sound advice by Joe Frame of Belfast on Film Units in Branches and wish to back it up from actual experience. Nearly two years our Branch decided to form such a Unit and I briefly give the steps we took towards that end.

(1) Through Rotary we approached the local Town Council and got their support.

(2) The Provost called a meeting of all citizens who were interested.

(3) At this meeting a committee was formed with the Provost as Chairman.

(4) An appeal for financial support and for voluntary projectionists was made through the Press.

To this appeal a grand response has been made, with the result that the whole scheme is run very successfully by a Committee representing all walks of life in the town. 'Toc H supplies one member and its quota of projectionists but has no worry over finances.

Six shows weekly are given, so far, with not one default. I may add that our Branch has for some time adopted the method of getting the community interested in such schemes, forming committees and leaving one member with them as a contact.

Our experience has proved that Joe Frame's advice is well-timed and very wise. I hope other Branches will endeavour to adopt our system and find the success which has been ours.

Paisley.

ALEX THAIN.

Economic Witness

DEAR EDITOR,

I cannot commend too strongly to your readers a recent publication by the Iona Community. The author is Dr. G. F. MacLeod, and the title *An Economic Witness by Churchmen*. To those who know George the style will be familiar—human and humorous,

but conveying challenge without compromise. He hits nails firmly and squarely on the head, and one feels uncomfortably like a nail oneself while reading—yet a great love pervades his writing. Appeal is ostensibly to members of the Church of Scotland, but it will be found to extend to all Christian denominations, and the suggestion embodied towards the end is one that, with advantage and far-reaching effect, could be implemented by Branches of Toc H.

I urge Toc H folk to send for this latest message from Columba's Isle, read it, and pass it on—but not before resolving to *do* something about it! It is obtainable from the Secretary, The Iona Community, Outlook Tower, Castlehill, Edinburgh, 1, price 7d. post free. London, N.3. STEPHEN JACK.

Tea and Tulips

DEAR EDITOR,

To provide refreshments for Toc H members visiting Spalding to see the bulbs during 'Tulip Week' we propose opening our Branch rooms every afternoon. This may be any time between the first and third weeks of May, depending upon the weather. What we suggest is that any party of Toc H members wishing to have tea at our Branch should drop me a card saying the day they propose to come and their approximate numbers. It is emphasised that, wherever possible, 'Tulip Sunday' should be avoided because it is to Spalding what the Lord Mayor's Show is to London!

E. WATERS.

28, Halmer Gate,
Spalding, Lincs.

GOOD FRIDAY.

*When all the trees were naked
And earth had seemed to die,
The cattle thronged the stable
And a star stood in the sky;
And through the frozen silence
I heard a baby's cry.*

*The trees' dark limbs are swelling,
The cold earth stirs in sleep,
The stable door stands open
And lambs play round the sheep;
And on a sweet green hilltop
I hear a mother weep.*

A.G.C.